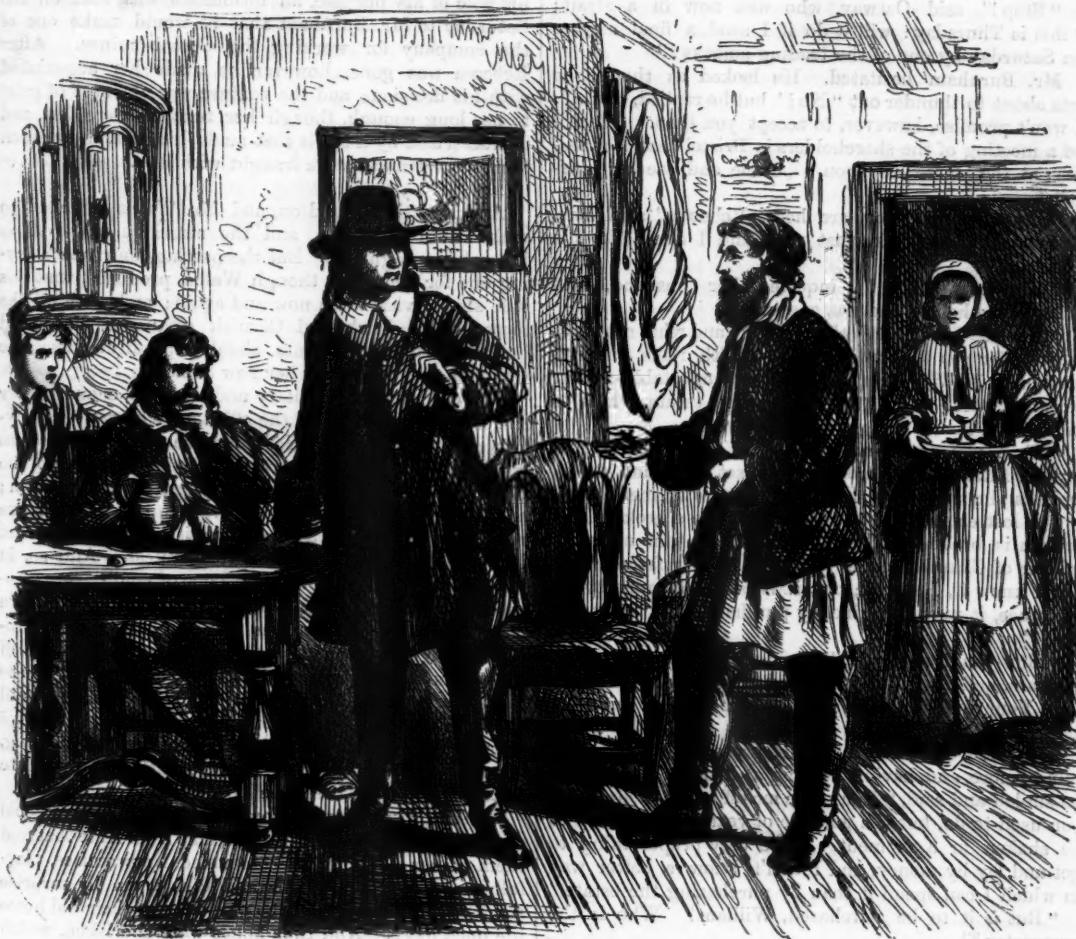


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—COOPER.



TIDINGS OF ANOTHER WRECK.

CHAMBERCOMBE.

A TALE OF NORTH DEVONSHIRE.

XI.

It is possible that both the well-meaning and the designing may do much by the methods they adopt to defeat the purpose they are anxious to promote. Mr. Burnham imagined that, by calling on Oatway again so soon, he would constrain him to an assent with which a further deliberation might seriously interfere, and therefore, on the principle of striking whilst the iron is hot, he renewed his application at the earliest possible moment.

"I could see he caught at it," he said to himself, "and whilst feeling is strong, there'll be more chance of settling the transaction. There's nothing like going into port on the top of a spring tide."

With such feelings uppermost, he entered the house again, and proceeded with the usual volume of sound to explain and enforce.

"My business at Coomb was sooner completed than I thought," he said, "and I am more than ever convinced that there could not be a more promising speculation. There can't be two opinions about it, and you've decided before now, I dare say."

But no one likes to be driven, however easily he may be led, and, vexed with his unseemly haste, a reaction of feeling set in which disposed Oatway to be untractable, and almost induced him to throw up the matter altogether.

"No, I haven't decided, Mr. Burnham," he answered; "nor do I care to decide if matters are to be conducted in this fashion, with a word and a blow."

"Very well, very well," shouted his visitor, rising from the arm-chair into which he had thrown himself, and adopting other tactics; "we *can* do without you, Mr. Oatway, just as easily as you can do without us. There are many who would give something for the offer you are refusing. Good day."

"Stop!" said Oatway, who was now in a strait; "this is Thursday: will it do if I send a final answer on Saturday by one of the trading-smacks?"

Mr. Burnham hesitated. He looked as though he was about to thunder out "No!" but he replied, "Well; I won't promise, however, to accept you then. There'll be a meeting of the shareholders in Bristol next Wednesday, at the 'Green Dragon.' Come and see for yourself."

"I am so glad you are here, Rebecca," said Mrs. Oatway; "I don't like that man, and I don't like his business."

"Why not, Ellen?" inquired her husband, who entered the hall as she was speaking.

"Because I suspect both, William; and what necessity is there for you to burden yourself with risks and uncertainties? We never were more comfortable in our circumstances; and as to buying the estate, who's to inherit it after we are gone?"

"Then you make no account of my possessing it myself, Ellen. You know I have set my mind on it, and it's almost cruel not to sympathise with me."

"A lost estate," said Rebecca, "is like a broken law: broken is broken, and lost is lost. You can never be master of Chambercombe, William, as your father was."

"I know it, Rebecca; but, if it cannot be mine by inheritance, it may be mine by purchase, as I intend it shall."

"But you'd not gain the old footing in that way, William, and I wonder your good sense doesn't tell you so. Your ambition would have had a fairer prospect at Wallredon than here."

That view of the case had not presented itself to his mind before, and, having nothing at hand as a rejoinder, he smiled and said, "You settle me off quick, Rebecca, as you used to do, but the purpose of years is not likely to be shaken in a moment. It's a very proper thing to get and lay by money, and I don't know a better way in which I can spend it than by purchasing the estate."

"But is it to be purchased, William? Who is the proprietor?"

"The Crown, and there has always been a desire to sell it. The first bid lies with me, unless the Government agent, who is a testy, crusty fellow, with whom it is almost impossible to be on terms, should deceive me. But he won't do that."

"And so you've set your mind on it, William."

"Undoubtedly. I don't mean to die a poor and dis-inherited man, Rebecca."

"That's saying a great deal, William; but they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare."

"Now, Rebecca, I'm going to fix you. You must admit that we've nothing to do with consequences when walking in the light of reason and duty."

"I do admit it, William; but what if the plea of reason and duty is but a plausible pretext? It is easy to call

things by wrong names; and considerations such as those you have referred to come ready enough to the help of those who wish to silence the convictions of conscience. Some of the worst of men defend themselves on the ground of a prudent regard to self-interest, or a legitimate concern for the attainment of an ambitious purpose. I should say that reason and duty, really so, would lead you to wait on Providence, and not tempt you to force it."

"Well, I'll think about it, Rebecca, but you and Ellen are too many for me. I don't believe I shall be able to row in your boat however."

And he did think about it, but with a prejudiced mind which argued in a circle; and, without informing his wife of his purpose, an intimation was sent on the Saturday to Mr. Burnham that he would make one of the company for working the Coomb mines. After Rebecca was gone, however, he made her acquainted with his decision; and the venture was a source of grief to her long enough, though her remarks were few, and characterized by a spirit that made him feel how much her remonstrances were fraught with love.

And now time rolled on, and Mr. Wallis returned to make Kate his bride, and the marriage went off as joyously as might be. But the parting hour was a trying one for them all, though Wallis promised that his wife should visit them now and again; and, with all the force of his Irish and Cornish eloquence, he urged besides that her parents should speedily cross the Channel, and see her in her new home.

The old home was solitary and desolate enough after she was really gone, and the effect on Oatway was anything but favourable. Her presence had kept a class of feelings alive in his heart which yielded now to the force of undercurrents that had been gathering strength; and, becoming more and more wrapt up in his purpose regarding the estate, a sordid spirit grew on him, and its tyranny became increasingly manifest. And so, in process of time, when the works at Coomb were suspended, after half of the capital had been used up, and a portion of the remainder was found to have been appropriated for private purposes by Burnham, who made off to the Continent, the disappointment and rage that the loss occasioned but served to indurate his heart still further, and, in some respects, the father began to live over again in the son. No one, save his gentle, soothing, but saddened wife, had any influence either to conciliate or to control. He became silent, irritable, and moody.

So things went on for some time, with an occasional gleam of sunshine, when tidings came from Kate that told them of her happiness, accompanied by promises, playfully expressed, that she would take them by surprise some day, and revive all the pleasures of their old home life once more. And thus hopes were cherished, which helped to cheer Mrs. Oatway's spirit, in the midst of much that was depressing.

The spring of 1695 was unusually fine; but at the close of May a strong gale set in from the north-west which did some damage along the coast.

"There'll be more mischief to-night," said Oatway, when he came in to his evening meal. "It blows worse than ever, and there's a terrible sea up. The vessel that's trying to beat off shore will have a hard time of it."

It was not often now that Oatway opened a conversation of his own accord, so that his wife looked pleased, though the intelligence was anything but pleasing, and said—"I hope they will clear the land, and get into

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shelter. How well I know the feelings of those on board, William. These stormy nights remind me always of that one night when I suffered and you ventured so much. How mysteriously our hearts and lives were linked together then by the hand of God, who is indeed wonderful in counsel and mighty in working."

"I shouldn't mind," replied her husband, who was revolving certain thoughts instead of listening, "if the vessel went to the bad, provided no lives were lost. She looks as though she might prove a windfall."

"Oh, William! how can you utter such a thought?" she said, looking at him with surprise.

"There's no more harm in uttering it than in entertaining it," he answered. "We all live upon one another, don't we? And things are put into our hands by the waves of the sea as well as by the clods of the earth."

"But it's a dreadful thing, William, to think of profiting by the losses and distresses of others. You wouldn't have reasoned that way once. It's so unlike you, dear; so unlike——"

"I don't know what I'm like," he replied, in a relenting tone.

But the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and a gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood, a relative of the late Mr. Soper, entered.

"Have you seen the vessel, Mr. Oatway?" he said, "that's struggling for life, as I may say, in the offing? She's well appointed and manned, I should judge, by the way she weathers it; but there's no chance, in my opinion, unless she anchors, and her cables will hold. Can we do anything?"

"No boat would live in such a sea, Mr. Roley; I'm afraid we can render no assistance."

"At any rate, we can keep a look-out, and be ready to lend a helping hand if she's driven ashore. There's a knot of fellows on the hill speculating already on her ruin. I heard them commenting on the movements of the ship in a most unfeeling way, and jesting on the result which they considered certain."

"Isn't it wonderful," said Mrs. Oatway, "that those who are themselves engaged in a seafaring line, and are exposed to the perils of the deep, should have so little sympathy?"

"No sympathy at all, madam, in many cases; and it's the hope of plunder that bars out all tender feeling and makes them callous. But, if we take the lead, they'll not be unwilling, I think, to assist in saving lives, should the ship be wrecked, however it may be with the property."

"I'll go with you directly," said Oatway; "and as the night will be coming on apace, we'll take lanterns with us. We may be of some service, and I trust we shall."

"The vessel let go her anchors as it grew dark, but to a practised eye it was pretty evident that she could not long resist the strain."

"She'll go with the young tide, Mr. Oatway," said one of a number of men who had collected on the beach, "and 'll take the ground outside the rocks; so that there'll be a better chance, though the surf is high, than if the tide were more in."

The rest confirmed this view of the case, and proceeded to disperse themselves along the shore.

"She holds on, Mr. Oatway," said Roley, after they had waited an hour or more; "perhaps she'll weather it after all. I'll go into the village, however, and see after necessary preparations in case it may be otherwise. I shall not be long."

He had scarcely reached the village when signals of distress, in quick succession, revealed the extreme of

danger, and in the dim light the more quick-sighted could see that the vessel was driving on shore.

"Lend a hand," some one shouted, and Oatway hastened to the spot in time to assist in the rescue of one of the crew, who was thrown by a billow on to the strand in an exhausted state. He bore with him a line fastened round his body, but before a communication could be established by its means it parted.

"She'll break up," said the man in a whisper; "try to save them." And shortly after portions of the vessel began to be driven ashore, and every one was intent on watching for those who might be carried to the strand by the breakers.

Hurrying to and fro with his lantern, Oatway had the good fortune to discover a female within an outlying rock, which had prevented her from being drawn back by the receding billows, and, seizing her in his arms, he bore her away from the reach of the sea, which drenched him in the attempt. She sighed deeply at intervals, but was unconscious; and, laying her quietly on the shingle whilst he poured into her mouth a little brandy from his flask, he saw by the gleam of the lantern that she was a person of wealth and station. A massive gold chain crossed her breast, and a jewelled circlet was round her neck, whilst her fingers were richly adorned with gems. She was attired in costly raiment, and her face, though cut and bruised, bore traces of great beauty. The brandy appeared to restore animation somewhat, and, wrapping her in his rough overcoat, he bore her in his arms to the Grange.

With the tenderest assiduity his wife devoted herself to the sufferer, and every means that could be devised were employed for her restoration. No one could be more attentive or active than Oatway in rendering assistance; for it so happened that their only servant had been taken home ill the day before, and they were dependent on help from the village, of which, however, they were not much disposed to avail themselves. He repaired again and again on some food errand to the chamber in which the lady had been laid, and was absorbed for a time by the interest he felt in her restoration; but when his wife committed to him the valuables that had been taken from her person—a case of jewels she had tied in a handkerchief round her waist, a large sum of money, with trinkets that had been found in her pocket, a gold watch and chain, a jewelled circlet and glittering rings—a feeling stole over him which he dared not reveal. The tempter, taking advantage of the state of mind in which he had long indulged, suggested to him the preciousness of the opportunity for repairing his losses and furthering his hopes; and, instead of indignantly resisting the thought, he harboured it, though not without upbraidings of conscience at the first.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Oatway; "she looks young, but her features are so bruised and swollen that her friends even wouldn't be able to recognise her. All her things are marked with a crest and the single initial 'W.' She must be a lady of rank."

"Does she revive?" asked Oatway.

"She sobs now and again," replied his wife; "but I fear, William, she will not recover."

In awhile, however, there appeared to be a change for the better. She began to breathe more regularly, though heavily at first, and soon after midnight she opened her eyes. Full of joy and thrilled with hope, Mrs. Oatway bent over her, and looked long and anxiously for a token that she recognised the countenance of a friend. There was no such sign, however; but, whilst she gazed, a vague suspicion crossed her mind, which sent the blood back to her heart, and spread an ashy paleness over her

countenance, for she saw, or thought she saw, an expression that reminded her of her own dear child. She leaned for awhile on her husband for support, and when she looked again a flicker of consciousness for a moment lit up those eyes, and there was a faint whisper, which the ear could not catch, and then, with a deep sigh, the sufferer breathed her last.

"William," said Mrs. Oatway, hysterically, "she reminded me so of Kate!"

"A different figure, Ellen," he replied; "much stouter. You're overdone by so much stretch of feeling, and no wonder. The hair is darker than Kate's."

She had noticed that herself, and was comforted; but thoughts came back in spite of herself that clouded her mind, and it seemed to her at times as though she must have lost her own, her only daughter.

A voice in the hall below took Oatway from the chamber, and, descending, he found Mr. Roley, who said—

"I've been wondering what could have become of you, Mr. Oatway. But, seeing a light in your windows as I passed, I thought I would look in and inquire whether you had met with any survivors."

"I helped a seaman ashore," answered Oatway, hesitatingly; "but—"

"One of the men said he thought he saw you carrying something, and I was in hopes you had rescued another of the poor creatures. A second seaman, however, has been saved, I find."

"I'm glad to hear it," Oatway observed. "But you know I cannot bear exposure as I once could."

"Then no one else has been rescued," said the gentleman, turning towards the door.

"More's the pity," replied Oatway, answering him indirectly, though the untruth which his words were meant to cover, and into which he was betrayed by a lurking desire to conceal, mantled his face with shame; and, as he bid Mr. Roley good morning, a horrible feeling of self-reproach stung him to the quick.

"I'm surely mad," he said aloud, throwing himself into a chair, "for deceiving him in that way. What have I done?" And then, rising and calling to his wife that he would go to the shore once more, he sallied forth into the raw air, and walked to the beach in a state of mind that bordered on frenzy. He had been deluded by his ambition to an act which made him loathe himself; but, alas! it was no more than selfish sorrow—the sorrow of the world that worketh death. He would have given up all ideas of the estate, and the estate itself, could he but recall now what had passed, and look up in the face of any one as a true and honest man. But he had been playing with conscience for years; and, entrapped in a snare prepared by himself, he writhed with shame and remorse.

What was to be done? Could he expose himself by revealing the truth? Could he give up his reputation and sacrifice himself because he had rebelled against the light? No, no! He could not do that. He must carry it through, he thought, somehow. But what would Ellen think? And what was to be done?

Agitated and distracted by conflicting thoughts, he paced the shore till the dawn of day, heedless of the raging storm without, the victim of a tempest within, which he knew not how to allay.

And when he reached his home, it was not difficult to see in his countenance the tokens of a mental conflict, so that his wife was alarmed, and said, "What is the matter, dear William. Do you fear that it is—?"

"Ellen," he replied, in hollow tones, "I have committed myself, and cannot go back. But how to go

forward—that's the difficulty"—and he told her all that had transpired. "Don't reproach me, Ellen," he went on to say; "and, as to counsel, it is vain. I must go on, and I'll make amends some day."

And an hour after he was on horseback, riding hard towards the residence of the government agent.

XII.

It was evening when Oatway returned, and, to judge from his look, his mind was calmer than in the morning.

"The estate is mine, Ellen," he said, as soon as he had seated himself; "mine at last; but I spurn it now as heartily as I sought it. The pursuit was vanity, I suppose, and the acquisition is vexation certainly. I have bought the property, but I have sold my happiness."

"Have you disposed of the money and the jewels, William?" asked Mrs. Oatway, almost afraid to put the question, and showing the direction in which her mind had been running.

"Not yet, Ellen; but I have estimated their value, and what I am still deficient must be borrowed from Wallis. You and I have now a secret to keep which will prevent us from enjoying the long-coveted possession; but, as it must be kept, the consequences will have to be left to themselves."

"But how can we keep things secret, William?"

"Just by keeping them to ourselves, Ellen, and by providing for a perfect concealment in a way I have settled. The property is now my own to deal with as I please, and nothing will be easier than to cut off all communication with the far chamber, which is but small, and which I intend to close up entirely."

His wife shook her head and sighed, and Oatway went on—"Can you advise me better, Ellen? I could not eat my own words to Roley and remain here—I could not; and, as we did all in our power for the poor thing, we must satisfy ourselves as well as we can with respect to the rest."

"We shall never satisfy ourselves, William," answered his wife, mournfully; "we cannot be happy so." And, looking him in the face, she added, earnestly, "Let every thing be known, William; and, whatever comes of it, we shall have a conscience void of offence."

But Oatway could not brook the thought of exposing himself on any account, and so he determined to abide by his resolution; and he did abide by it.

A few days passed, and the excitement which the wreck had occasioned in the neighbourhood began to subside, when a messenger came from the village at breakfast-time to say that the seamen which had been saved were anxious to see Mr. Oatway; and, wondering what they could want particularly with him, he repaired forthwith to the little inn where they had been kindly cared for.

One of them proved to be the first mate of the vessel, who, after he had expressed his thanks for the assistance rendered them, said, "We had a lady on board, sir. Do you know whether anything has been heard of her? I greatly fear she has been washed away, poor thing."

"Who was she?" asked Oatway, endeavouring to repress his feelings.

"A lady from the north of Ireland, sir, going with us to Bristol; but she intended to visit these parts. She knew all the coast as we came along off by heart, and we would have landed her but the sea was so high. Were you expecting a visitor, sir?"

"No," replied Oatway, taken aback by the pointedness of the question. "You know her name, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"A name familiar to you, sir, I've reason to believe."

"Wallis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor man!" said the seaman as Oatway left the room, "I pity him from my heart. He's lost a treasure of a daughter if ever a father had one."

And now let a veil be drawn over the sorrows which that sad discovery occasioned at the Grange, though to Mrs. Oatway especially it brought with it mitigating considerations, which were not without their relieving influence; for it was a mournful satisfaction to think that they had cared for their loved one at a time when death was inevitable, and that the property which had been disposed of belonged to no stranger. But the loss sustained, and all the circumstances attending it, affected her so much that her health gave way, and when the next spring returned the owner of Chambercombe sat in the hall of his fathers alone, bereaved and broken-hearted. He had gained the object of his ambition, but at what a sacrifice! and, unable to endure his solitude, he let the estate to a farmer whose land adjoined, on condition that the house should remain uninhabited, as a place of return for himself if he wished it; and, with his staff in his hand, he set out to seek the dwelling of the only friend on earth to whom he could unbosom himself—his faithful and much loved foster-mother, Rebecca.

Here ended the manuscript. Johnson had stolen into the room whilst I was perusing the last sheet of this narrative, but I had not noticed him. As I laid it down, my mind being full of its contents, he moved a chair to catch my attention, and said—

"You understand now, sir, the mystery of the chamber which the old farmer and his wife discovered. It's a strange story, and in some respects a melancholy one, but it ended well after all. Some people are not easily broken-in, sir; and the Almighty knows how to bring good out of evil. You would like to know a little more, sir?"

"You promised that I should, Johnson, and I am very anxious indeed to learn the issue."

"Then be pleased to read this, sir," he replied, taking another manuscript from his pocket. "It's very short, and was written some years after the other by the same hand. I'll remain, with your permission, until you have finished it, and tell you the rest myself."

The paper was headed with two verses from the Bible under each other. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;" and, "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace." It ran as follows:—

Rebecca was living alone when William Oatway reached her home. The friend who had sheltered her years before, and whom she had followed to the grave, had left her what little she possessed, and though it was but little she was satisfied. Her contented mind and peaceful spirit were all the more striking in contrast with the condition of her visitor, who was almost ashamed to tell her his story, and reproached himself more and more in proportion to the kindness shown to him, of which he felt himself so utterly unworthy.

"My views of things, Rebecca," he said to her, "are completely altered now. A year's sorrow and a year's reflection have done something to change my mind, but the clearer I see the more miserable I feel."

"Be thankful that you do see, William," she answered. "When we really know ourselves we are brought to that point at which self will be abandoned altogether, that we may flee to Him who invites the weary and heavy laden to himself, that he may give them rest."

"I always thought, Rebecca," he rejoined, "that the purpose of my life was an innocent one—a right one; but it must have been wrong—it was wrong—though I don't see the matter as clearly as I could wish."

"Things are only innocent and right, William, when they are in their proper place. If they oppose the claims of God, or even if they exclude them, the plan of life becomes stamped with guilt. By omitting what is our first duty, to honour God, we convert all else into wrong. To neglect him, is to mar everything. No purpose can be right, however praiseworthy in itself, that occupies in the heart the place which he should have. No character can be right, however affectionate, honourable, and moral the life, that is not determined by this—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.'"

"I see, Rebecca; and with me the first has been last and the last first. I have incurred the rebuke which I read but lately—'The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.' I have lived for myself only, and not for him at all, and now he has cast me off."

"Cast you off, William! No. He is holding you on until he has convinced you thoroughly of your folly. You are convinced of that, and now the voice of his Spirit in your heart is this: 'Return unto me, and I will return unto you. There is forgiveness with him that he may be feared.'"

It was not immediately that William Oatway realized by faith the tender mercy of God, but he lived to experience how confidence in Christ removes both conscious guilt and separating fears. He acquainted himself with God and was at peace, and life to him became in all respects a new thing—a Christian life. His purpose now, which subordinated and hallowed all purposes, was to live to the Lord.

Rebecca went to her rest after a few years, and Oatway was again left alone; but loneliness was bearable now. He built himself a little cottage on the hill-side overlooking the village, and there his home is still; nor does he fail, redeeming the time, to counsel others, especially the young, reminding them that to do right they must be right, and to be right they must lay to heart the admonition, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come."

The lines which his pen has thus traced will perhaps be read by others in days to come, and his heart is too full to allow him to close without one more word. Young friend! there is no security for you but in the grace of God—in godliness. To mean well, and to have an honourable purpose in life, is not enough, for, without the guidance of heavenly wisdom, without the restraints of godly fear, without the promptings of holy love, without subjection to the will of God, and an aim above the things which are seen and temporal, the heart will be unable to interpret providences rightly, or to make a profitable use of events as they rise, or to cope with the temptations which are sure to assail. Begin with Him who made you and died for you. Acknowledge him in all your ways, and he will direct your steps."

"I sha'n't forget William Oatway, Johnson," I said, after I had finished the paper, "and I hope I sha'n't forget his excellent advice. Now favour me with something more."

"Well, sir, there is not much more to be told. His son-in-law, to whom he committed these papers, took the estate in the north, but he built a new house for himself. That house was subsequently occupied by my ancestors for three generations; and, towards the close of my

grandfather's life, when an old-fashioned mantelpiece was removed to make way for something more modern, a recess was discovered in which the papers were found, and they have been preserved in our family to the present time. Some of the old people here who have heard them read remember their parents making mention of a gentleman who had resided, as they were told, in the cottage which still exists on the hill-side, and who spent his time in going about doing good. No doubt, sir, it was William Oatway. I have searched the churchyard for his grave, but I can find nothing more than a time-worn slab with an O distinct still, but the other initial obliterated, and aged seventy-two."

"Thank you, Johnson. The next time I am in the north part of the country I shall certainly visit the spot which has now become familiar to me, and I think I may say, that as long as I live I shall carry with me impressive and improving memories of CHAMBERCOMBE."

HINTS ON LEGAL TOPICS.

COPYRIGHT.

I.

COPYRIGHT is the ownership or property which an author, artist, composer, or designer has in the product of his intellectual or mental labour. It is only in modern times that the idea of this exclusive proprietorship has been distinctly conceived and realized. Among the Greek and Latin writers there are no satisfactory proofs of the existence of any such right; the nearest approach to it being found in the doctrine of the improved or adventitious value which an artist or designer gives to the material upon which he works, by converting a piece of canvas into a picture, a block of stone into a statue, and the like. But this, it will be at once seen, has nothing to do with the modern principle of ownership in the produce of thought.

There can be no doubt that the right owes its origin to the invention of printing and of the subsequent later arts, whereby any one fruit of the exercise of the constructive powers may be indefinitely multiplied by copies.

With regard to the nature of the right itself, no one has ever disputed that an author's work *remains his own property* so long as it exists only in manuscript or on canvas, and in his own possession. It is then wholly within his power, during his life, to impart it to others or not, as he pleases: If he leaves it behind him, after his death it will pass to his legatees or executors, who *may* publish, if not forbidden so to do, and who probably would be restrained from publishing, if they were to attempt to do so, against the express wishes of the deceased. But if he parts with possession of his literary or artistic product, the question arises as to his rights; and it is at once plain that this parting with possession may take place in many ways without publication. Thus a man may lend a manuscript to a friend, may write letters, may send a manuscript to be examined or bound up, or a picture to be copied or photographed; and another person, without being guilty of larceny by *stealing* the work, may get unauthorized copies made, and these copies may be published. Nay, even without committing anything to paper or canvas, one man may deliver a lecture, play an air, sing a song, or personate a character, and the lecture, the air, or the song may be taken down or repeated by another to the injury of the former and in invasion of his right.

In this stage the right of property is called *copyright before publication*; as to which a few particulars may be stated.

In the first place, it is quite clear that any publication of unauthorized copies of private unpublished manuscripts, paintings, etchings, or letters may be restrained by the Court of Chancery.

The leading cases as to manuscripts are those of the conveyancer's clerk, Rose, in 1732, who was restrained from publishing, without authority, the conveyancing drafts of his deceased master, Mr. Webb, at the suit of young Mr. Webb; followed by similar instances in 1741 and 1770.

It seems that a man may *abandon* his copyright, before publication, in a manuscript by neglect. Southey, the poet, sent the manuscript of his poem "Wat Tyler" to Ridgway, the publisher, in the year 1794, in order to have his opinion as to the expediency of its being published. The matter was considered, but was not carried out at the time. Southey was much engaged in literary pursuits, and said he forgot all about it. In 1817, twenty-three years afterwards, the successors of Ridgway began to publish the poem, whereupon Southey filed a bill to restrain the publication. The Lord Chancellor (Eldon) said he could not grant the injunction "until Mr. Southey had established his right in the property by an action." The meaning of this observation was that the Lord Chancellor thought the book libellous, and that, if the author had gone to law, he would have failed on that ground. But his lordship took occasion further to say that a man who had parted with his manuscript, and laid by for twenty-three years, could not be allowed to come forward and complain of publication at the end of that period, on the ground of forgetfulness.

As to *etchings*, most readers will remember the interesting story of *Prince Albert* against *Strange*. In this case her Majesty and the Prince having made a number of etchings on copper for their own amusement, and having struck off a few impressions from a private press, employed a copper-plate printer at Windsor to strike off a few more. The subjects were chiefly portraits, or figures of favourite animals, dogs and horses. A workman in the employ of the copper-plate printer surreptitiously took a few copies from the plates; these got into the hands of a Mr. Judge, and passed from him to a Mr. Strange, who threatened to publish them. After a trial which excited great interest, and in which two literary lawyers, Talfourd and Warren, were engaged, both Mr. Strange and Mr. Judge were restrained from publication, and Mr. Judge was ordered to deliver up the copies in his possession. The fact of her Majesty and the Prince having given away a few copies to their private friends was considered to make no difference; in other words, there had been *no publication*.

As to *paintings*, the following curious affair occurred in Ireland:—Mr. Wallis's celebrated picture of the "Death of Chatterton" was being exhibited in that country in the year 1860, for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions for an engraving of it. A man named Robinson visited the place of exhibition, and, after carefully studying the picture, and committing to memory all the details, went away and made up a scene resembling it as nearly as he could, with a lay figure recumbent on a couch at an open window, a blown-out candle with smoking wick, and so forth, and then took a stereograph of this arrangement. The Court of Chancery in Ireland restrained the publication of the photographs, remarking that an act illegal in itself could not be justified by a novel and circuitous mode of effecting it.

It may be remarked that not only was this a very extraordinary thing for Robinson to devise and carry out, showing great ingenuity, at least, in the conception,

whatever may have been the degree of success in the accomplishment, but the decision also is not a little startling. No one can dispute the unlawfulness of copying without leave, for the purposes of publication and profit, a picture which is private property; but this was not a copy of a picture at all. In short, it seems at least doubtful whether the court would make such an order again in similar circumstances, unless fraud could be shown, a circumstance which would take the case out of the law of copyright altogether.

As to the property of the writer in *private letters* sent by him to a correspondent, there has been a considerable diversity of opinion amongst judges and lawyers. The general result of all the opinions seems to be this, that the property in the letter—in the paper—clearly passes to the person to whom it is sent; that with the property in the paper passes also the copyright, but accompanied by a restriction that it is not to be used for the purposes of publication, *without the consent of the writer*; and, moreover, that every man who receives a letter receives the contents with an implied confidence that they are not to be revealed without the consent of the writer. This, however, is rather a question of trust than of copyright. There can be no doubt about the right of every one who receives a letter to destroy it immediately on receiving it, if he pleases.

We now approach the more important part of this subject; namely, the right of authors to their literary productions *after publication*; i.e., after they have been submitted to the eye of the public. The right now takes a different form from what it was before publication, and it practically works itself out thus: in selling each copy of his work, the writer claims to stipulate with the purchaser that he (the purchaser) shall not use it to multiply copies for his own pecuniary gain. The power of annexing this condition to every delivery of a book to a buyer constitutes *copyright after publication*.

It would be out of place here to enter into any examination of the discussions which have taken place, particularly in this country, as to the origin of this right. It is sufficient for the reader to be informed that the most learned and accomplished judges and authors have taken different sides in the controversy; one party maintaining that the right is part of the common law of England, the other that it is the creature entirely of statute. The first Act of Parliament relating to the subject was passed in the reign of Queen Anne; but as early as the year 1558 there is recorded a claim by Richard Pynson, successor to William Faques, the first "royal," or "king's printer," to an exclusive right to print a book. In 1556 was established the Company of Stationers, by letters-patent enabling them to form themselves into a corporate body, with power to make by-laws; so that no one but a member of the company was allowed to practise the art or mystery of printing in England; and it was to release authors from this thraldom of the Stationers' Company that the statute of Anne was passed. This Act gave to the author or proprietor of a book then (10th April, 1710) already printed the sole right of printing it^{*} for twenty years; and it also gave to the author of any book already composed and not published, or which should be published thereafter, the sole liberty to print and reprint it for fourteen years from the date of publication, and no longer.

The penalty annexed to the violation of the statute was forfeiture of the books sold by the offender, with a

fine of one penny a sheet; and, in order that persons might not through ignorance offend against the Act, no proceedings were allowed to be carried out against any person or persons unless the book was *entered in the register at Stationers' Hall*.

The Act of Anne was a most beneficial measure in its day, but it was inadequate, and repeated attempts were made from time to time to extend its operation. In 1775 a bill was brought in on the subject, which was thrown out mainly by the exertions of Lord Thurlow, who, in his turbulent style, denounced the booksellers as "a set of impudent, monopolizing men, who had raised a fund of three thousand pounds to file bills in Chancery against any person who should endeavour to get a livelihood as well as themselves, and pretending to have an exclusive right to publish all works, from Homer's Iliad to Hawkesworth's Voyages, a mere composition of trash, for which they had the audacity to demand three guineas!"

At length, in 1801, some advance was made in the progress of the question. Offenders against the copyright of authors were made liable to an action for damages; and if at the end of the term of fourteen years granted by the statute of Anne the author was still living, he became entitled to an additional term of fourteen years. In 1814 a further step was taken: authors and their assigns were allowed to have copyright for twenty-eight years certain, and also, if the author should be living at the end of that period, for the rest of his life.

Finally, in 1842, in the fifth and sixth years of her Majesty, was passed the measure by which literary property is regulated and protected at the present day. The statute is commonly known as Talfourd's Act, having been introduced by that gifted and amiable man, and carried mainly by his efforts, aided by the eloquence of Lord Macaulay, Earl Stanhope, and other members of the Legislature distinguished in literature.

The Act applies to all books published on or after the 1st of July, 1812. But in the word *book* is included every volume, part or division of a volume, pamphlet, sheet of letter-press, sheet of music, map, chart, or plan, separately published. The word has also been held to extend to illustrations, engravings, and woodcuts forming part of a volume.

As a general rule, there may be copyright in the contents of every book which has not from the lapse of time become open to the world at large; and the only doubt seems to be whether there is any description of book whatever which, from its subject-matter, is excluded from the right. Lord Eldon, indeed, once expressed an opinion that a lady who had not composed, but had only collected a number of receipts for cookery could not claim a copyright in the book; but it is almost certain that in these days a manifest repetition of a number of cookery receipts already collected by another would be restrained.

Indeed, as a general rule, compilations will be protected. Captain Paterson, after he had sold his right in his "Book of Roads" to Mr. Carnan, at the expiration of fourteen years republished the work, with the high-roads engraved upon copper plates, and parted with the new publication to Mr. Bowles. Carnan, however, obtained an injunction to restrain the sale by Bowles *as to the letter-press*, which was not new. A Mr. Cary afterwards improved the book very greatly; and, in an action against Longman, it was shown that nine-tenths of Cary's additions had been copied *verbatim*. Cary thereupon recovered a verdict; but, in another action, against Kearsley, where it was shown that, whilst a great deal

* Hence the origin of the phrase which occurs at the foot of all titles of old books, "Printed for" so and so, "booksellers," or "Printed for the author."

of Cary's matter had been transcribed, yet he had added corrections of his own, and had varied the routes, and no one single paragraph had been transcribed entire, Cary's action failed.

So, again, a book of dates or chronology, although it must be in some respects a repetition of any former work on the same subject, if both are correct, yet will be restrained if the author has servilely copied the former, or made merely colourable alterations in the contents. The same may be said of calendars, directories, tables of logarithms, court guides, and the like. The question is always whether there has been a fair amount of original labour expended, or whether the new production is only a mechanical transcript of the old. One way or the other the fact may generally be established; and where the subsequent writer has copied his predecessor, errors and all, as sometimes happens, the case becomes fatally clear.

Histories and dictionaries, again, though they must necessarily contain much that is in common, are within the protection of the copyright laws, and piracy of their contents will be restrained. An arithmetic book, a spelling book, and maps are in the same position. In 1863 Mr. Hotten, the publisher of Piccadilly, succeeded in establishing his copyright in an annotated catalogue, which was not a mere collection of titles, but accompanied by historical notes and explanations.

Abridgments of works also will be protected, if they are not mere copies of portions of the original; and so will digests, translations from the classics, and even of specifications of patents from French and German originals, although the originals themselves are not entitled to copyright in this country.

Notes also to standard works will be protected, although there never existed, or has long ceased to exist, any copyright in the text. Thus Dr. Newton's notes to "Paradise Lost" were protected, although the pirate attempted to colour his robbery by adding a few notes of his own. The smallness of the number, however (one in ten), betrayed the design. So, also, Dr. Bentley's notes to Horace were in their day the subject of copyright.

Quotations, if not fairly used, may be piracies; but fair quotation for the purpose of criticism is no piracy. Cases have occurred in which there has been some doubt; and in these the judgment of the court will be exercised as to the nature and objects of the selections made. But it is very clear that it is no justification of the piracy of part of a book to state the source whence it has been taken; for, as a learned judge remarked, "Confession may, at the time that it is made, be so far a proof of honesty; but a confession, from the very nature of it, does not diminish the previous theft. If a theft has been committed, it may save trouble in conviction, but it neither excuses nor justifies." Nor, if you pirate a work, is it any justification that you have embellished the stolen letter-press with a number of new and original plates or illustrations.

In books, however, of a seditious, libellous, or immoral character, the publication of which is in itself a *legal offence*, copyright cannot be enforced. In one instance of this sort, where the book was of an indecent character, the publisher failed to obtain any remedy against the pirate; and, strangely enough, with regard to the same book there had before been a dispute and an action at law between the printer and the publisher, on which occasion Lord Kenyon said, "I will not sit here to take an account between two robbers on Hounslow Heath;" meaning that the conduct of the parties had put them both equally out of court.

With respect to all the above-mentioned various classes of productions, the Act declares that the copyright in any one of them, published since the 1st of July, 1842, is to endure for the life of the author and seven years after his death; but if the term of seven years expires within forty-two years from the first publication of the work, then the right is to endure for such forty-two years. If the work be published after the author's death, the period is forty-two years from the date of the first publication. This right extends to books published in Great Britain and Ireland, the Channel Islands, and the British Colonies.

Another all-important provision of this Act is, that no proprietor of copyright in a book is entitled to maintain any action or suit in respect of its infringement, unless he has previously caused an entry of such book to be made in the registry at Stationers' Hall.

The above are the two main principles upon which rests the modern structure of literary copyright in books; meaning by books the publications above enumerated. Violations of the right are punishable either by action at law for damages, or by suit in equity for an injunction to restrain the sale, together with a forfeiture to the owner of the copies of the piratical work.

Copyright, however, has been extended by statute beyond books, not only to musical compositions as above stated, but to dramatic representations, artistic works, and designs, each of which to some extent stands on a different footing.

NEW BEDFORD.

BY J. K. LOED, F.Z.S.

Few know anything of New Bedford—at any rate, on this side the Atlantic—save such as are deep in the mysteries of whales, whaling, whale oil, whalebone, and the variety of other commercial products that are procured from this blubbery Leviathan. Yet this snug little city, picturesquely perched on a small estuary, in Buzzard's Bay, about fifty-five miles south of Boston, is the chief seat, the very emporium, of the whaling interest; having steadily outgrown and fairly eclipsed Nantucket, Cape Cod, and several other places once equally famous for their whaling-fleets. I can call to my remembrance many happy days spent in this pleasant little town, almost entirely built of wood, and containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

In proportion to its population, I should say it was the wealthiest town in New England. The upper part is most tastefully laid out. The long streets of exquisite little cottages, embowered in roses and climbing plants; gardens decked with flowers in wild profusion, backed by thick shrubberies; together with groves of trees that shade the pedestrian deliciously from the burning sun with their tangled foliage, making the footways one unbroken arbour—these things testify in themselves to the refined tastes and affluence of the citizens.

Now let the stranger quit these delightful retreats of the Upper Ten, and wander down to the wharves: once away from the scent of the flowers, his nose will guide him the rest of the way. A compound odour meets him like a wave, far more pungent than pleasant, in which rancid oil, old rope, pitch, tar, and bilge-water are the prevailing elements. Rounding a sharp turn, he finds himself in the midst of huge tiers of casks filled with sperm and whale oil, heaps of stores and hoops, empty casks ringing under the cooper's hammer, anchors, harpoons, lances, together with bands of greasy caulkers and tarry riggers refitting some battered craft just home from her whaling-trip.

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THE ECONOMIST, NO. 12, 1859. 12 MOON. 12 P.M. 12 P.M. 12 P.M.

W. Carpenter, del.



Just behind, amidst the forest of masts, is a still more recent arrival, all hands being busy, pumping her oleaginous cargo into store casks. On the quay one meets at every step with some quaint tribute from the ocean's realms: corals from the reefs of Otaheite, shells from the sands of Madagascar, clubs and fishing-gear from the man-eaters of New Zealand; the boat of the delicate paper-nautilus side by side with a gigantic jaw-bone of the sperm-whale, that might make an arch for a giant's castle. In a window hang strings of money-shells, and curiously carved teeth that, for aught one knows, may have munched up a whaling-boat, crew and all. Just as strange a medley is the assemblage thronging the wharves: Europeans from under every flag and speaking every language; Yankees, Negroes, Island Portuguese, Chinamen, Lascars, Australians, and Polynesians—all gathered together to wage war upon the whale.

It appears to be hero of no possible consequence what a man's colour or language may be, so that he has the arm to pull an oar, the eye to aim a harpoon, and the heart to face, without flinching, the wrathful fury of a wounded whale. These are the only patents needed to establish his nobility, the sole tests of manhood. The cost of fitting out a first-class whaling-ship is about 50,000 dollars; the crew being paid in proportion to the success of the enterprise, which payment is technically called a "lay."

To the ordinary landsman a whale is simply a whale; but the old storm-beaten whaler, and the learned in matters of natural history, knew of a great many species, that differ widely from each other in appearance, habits, and value. The buffalo is rapidly disappearing from the boundless prairies of the far North-west, unfairly hunted down for his hide; the moose and the wapiti from the forests, because their antlers and skins are saleable; the ponderous elephant from its native plains, recklessly destroyed for the tusks of ivory; the salmon are well-nigh gone from our rivers, and the oyster from our estuaries and deep-sea tanks, dredged, netted, or otherwise trapped during the spawning-time. In like manner the hosts of huge ocean-beasts are being rapidly exhausted for the sake of their oil and whalebone. Mothers are killed with their young by their sides, and often ere the little ones come into the world of waters. Tough old harpooners, with whom I have chatted on the wharves of New Bedford, tell stories of having once seen whales in fabulous numbers, both in the northern and southern seas, but sigh for those good old days, the like of which will never be seen again. It is a difficult thing now to get a peep at a whale on the once prosperous fishing-tracts, where shoals rolled lazily about some years ago; and the day is not very far distant, unless protective measures are adopted, when a whale will be as great a rarity as a dodo or dinornis.

The sperm-whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*) is the most formidable, and by far the most valuable, of all the oil-bearing leviathans hunted by man; often attaining a length of ninety feet, and yielding from fifty to two hundred barrels of oil: a hundred-barrel whale, however, may be considered about the average size. The value of such a fish is about 5000 dollars (£1000). Except by mere accident, he is never met with in shallow water: his home is deep down in Neptune's realms, where he wages fearful war on the squid, or *octopus*, that has been said to attain a greater size than the whale itself. This is, however, scarcely true; although I have myself seen octopi large enough to upset a boat, supposing they could only get their huge arms, like cables

set with suckers, over its sides. Even the fishermen on our own coasts dread them, and, tiny as they are, here call them man-suckers, and suppose they could drag a swimmer down and drown him. Whalers tell stories of fragments of limbs and suckers of the squid disengaged by the dying sperm-whale, of such an immense size that, if one could but see the monster in its colossal integrity, the "great sea-serpent" would be little marvel compared with it.

The head of the sperm-whale presents a blunt, thickened extremity, called the snout, constituting quite one-third of the whole length of the animal; on the back is a hump or protuberance, called by whalers the "bunch of the neck;" behind this, the body gradually tapers off to the tail. Situated somewhat on one side of the head is a triangular-shaped cavity called "the case," containing an oily fluid that during the life of the animal is a fragrant pellucid oil, but after death concretes into a granulated substance known as spermaceti. The size of this reservoir may be imagined when it is stated to contain, in a large whale, nearly a ton, or ten barrels of spermaceti. The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head, the lower jaw being armed with forty-two ivory teeth that fit into cavities in the upper, which is quite destitute of these weapons. The throat is capacious, and a man could be easily swallowed. Space forbids any detail of its anatomical character, which can be readily gleaned from books on comparative anatomy. The head is manifestly a huge float, buoying up a trap propelled by paddles; a trap compared to which the most ingeniously-constructed work of man is the veriest bungle. The head, taken as a whole, is specifically lighter than any other part of the body, and will always tend to rise, thus elevating the nostrils or "blow-holes" sufficiently for all purposes of respiration, exposing the throat to the pressure of the water, its edge-like formation cleaving it like a wedge, or the cut-water of a ship. Thus the sea-beast is enabled to pass with ease and celerity through the boundless tracks of his wide domain.

Another substance of great value is obtained from the sperm-whale; well known under the name of ambergris, a morbid concretion supposed to be a kind of gall-stone. It is often found in masses weighing from thirty to forty pounds, and, strange to say, generally floating on the surface of the water. The whalers seldom seek it in the intestines of the whales they kill: as the carcass decomposes, this substance is set free and floats. Its value is about a guinea an ounce. It is used entirely by perfumers in the preparation of scents.

The Greenland whale, or right whale (*Balaena mysticetus*) as he is usually styled, is altogether an inferior animal to the sperm-whale. From this blubbery mountain we obtain whale oil, and the whalebone used for various purposes. He has a vast mouth like a cavern, no teeth, and a throat so small that a cat could scarcely pass down it; but, to compensate him, his upper jaw is lined with from four to five hundred slabs of elastic material, from eight to twelve feet long, about a foot wide, and furnished with an edging of hair like a horse's mane. Opening his huge mouth when hungry, he sucks in cart-loads of minute forms of life that everywhere, in countless myriads, people the sea; then discharging the superfluous water through this wonderful strainer, he swallows at leisure the game he has netted. This living net furnishes the whalebone of commerce, or "balen." Huge as the "right whale" is, he is, nevertheless, a harmless and inoffensive creature. Quietly and civilly gorging his daily millions of small game, he corrects any tendency to over-population in the ocean. He never meddles with

his equals; and if he does sometimes upset a boat when hotly pressed, and drown a few men, it is simply from an accidental awkwardness in the use of his tail. For these reasons, added to the low price his oil fetches, the New Bedford men speak of him contemptuously, and designate him "the meanest kind of whale."

Whereas the sperm-whale is a bully in nature and habit, although he does carry a precious cargo in his head. He dashes at his fellow-monsters, eats them when he can, crunches up boats and their crews as boys crack hazel-nuts, and in his royal fury even pits himself against the ship to send her bodily to the bottom.

There are many other species of whales; such as the hump-back, sulphur-bottom, bottle-nose, and fin-back; the latter being the subject of our illustration. They are of very little commercial value. Large shoals of fin-backs may frequently be seen amidst the drift-ice brought down by the St. Lawrence in the spring. Our artist has depicted a small school of "fin-back" whales seen by himself from the deck of a ship, basking amid the floating blocks of field-ice which in the early spring are seen drifting from the waters of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers on their way to the ocean.

The fin-backed whales (*Balaenoptera*) are distinguished from the right and sperm whales by the possession of a soft dorsal fin; the baleen, or whalebone lining the mouth, is short, and not of much commercial value. They do not content themselves with delicate mollusks, but devour greedily quantities of small fish. Some of the species obtain a great size; the (*Balaenoptera boops*) rorqual, for instance, has been taken over a hundred feet in length. Another species, common to the Mediterranean (*Balaenoptera musculus*), attains a length of eighty feet. So does the great fin-fish, not infrequent on our British coasts. Although so bulky, they are of little or no value; and, being dangerous and difficult to kill, they are generally avoided by the whalers; or, as they say, "We let 'em slide." The great skeleton, ninety-five feet long, exhibited in England in the year 1832 was of this species, and was taken by some Ostend fishermen, who discovered the dead body floating between the coasts of England and Belgium. It took three vessels to tow it into the harbour.

Thrilling narratives, enough to fill a volume, have been told me by the old harpooners, as, sitting by the fire or lounging on the deck, I have whiled away many a day with the whalers at New Bedford; some of them narrating hair-breadth escapes; chasing the dreaded cachalot in the blue waters of the Pacific, round islands that have risen from the depths of the ocean, built up by tiny worms, now shaded by the coco-palm, and clothed with all the tangled loveliness of tropical vegetation. No wonder untaught men deem these coral islands the work of the enchanter, and dread them accordingly. Others tell of terrible privations encountered amidst the frozen regions of arctic seas, pursuing the northern whale; there, too, are legends of phantom-ships, and traditions of the Vikings.

It is by no mere chance that these blubber-yielding sea animals are directed by an implanted instinct to frequent the lone regions tenanted by uncivilized man. They are living stores of fuel, sent specially by an all-wise Providence to enable the dwellers in hyperborean regions to keep the life-stoves burning. With plenty of oleaginous food to maintain the chemical combustion in the lungs, and with good fur wrappings to husband the heat so formed, the people of these ice-bound lands are enabled to exist in comfort through the intensest polar winters.

SOME THOUGHTS ON GROWING OLD.

THE life of most of us is a continual looking forward to old age, which yet the major portion of mankind are not destined to reach. We anticipate what to most of us will never arrive, and we are far more active in making provision for a state of existence which we may never experience than we are in preparing ourselves for the dread certainty which awaits us all, and may overtake any of us at any moment. We act thus in obedience to a law of our nature, which, in compelling us to self-preservation, compels us also to adopt a line of conduct in reference to our bodily wants which is analogous to the instincts of certain of the animal tribes, and urges us to accumulate the means of defence against woes, and wants, and deprivations which, like multitudes of them, we may never have to encounter. That others, and not ourselves, should profit most by this law, in no way impeaches the wisdom or the bounty of the great Lawgiver. *Sic vos non vobis* seems to be an inexorable canon in the regulation of all human affairs—inexorable, and, at the same time, tenderly considerate and beneficent to the whole human race.

We all look forward to old age, and we expect that it will fall to our lot because it does fall to the lot of many; and, in our imagination, we are apt to paint it in hues brighter or sadder than the truth, according to our varying temperaments, and the conditions and circumstances which we attach to our ideas of comfort and repose; not knowing, or not sufficiently realizing, the fact that it is ourselves of the present who create ourselves of the future, and that, as our youth and maturity are, so shall our old age be, if we are privileged to grow old. For that old age is a privilege, and was intended to be so, there is no question. Maudlin philosophers may make doleful assertions to the contrary, but I do not see that people of this turn of mind act out their morbid creed. I have rather noticed that they are given to take especial care of themselves. It is not they who are foremost in encountering risk to health in behalf of others; but it is they who invariably secure the snug, warm corners in wintry assemblies, who curtain their cushioned pews in church, who sit always out of the draught, and deliberately muffle their throats in wrappers before they venture down the aisle after the benediction is pronounced; so I receive their gloomy dogmas *cum grano*, and only for as much as they are worth, which is very little indeed. No! though it may be true that, like poor Job in the day of his trouble, we could most of us say sincerely, "I would not live alway," yet, every man of us, I reckon, as a rule, and every woman too, would like to live a good long time; and we have all made up our minds—maudlin philosophers and all—to live as long as we can. This universal wish may not be in accordance with the sublimer theories of life, as I could easily prove if it were worth while; but, as the proof would assuredly fail of any appreciable effect on the general mind, the reader shall be spared the infliction of it.

What is it to grow old? For one thing, it is to suffer losses—losses the saddest and heaviest that humanity can suffer. There is the loss of youth and strength, and the physical powers of manhood. It is bad enough to have to surrender these, and to take up with feebleness and decrepitude instead, and from being hale and vigorous to become dependent on the kind offices of others; but it is worse still to have to part with all the romance of one's youth—to be made aware by painful degrees, as the humiliating conviction steals over us, that the fires of the mind are smouldering while the

bodily energies are waning—to feel that the exhilarating freshness of life has worn off, and to have to mourn with the poet, who says—

" There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the full glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay."

Happily, however, this greater loss is not inevitable, and the best and wisest lives do not suffer it: the mind need never grow old if we would cultivate it as we ought; the heart and the affections may be kept fresh and green, and the tenderest sympathies of a man's nature may be alive and flourishing, though the almond-blossoms be white on his head, and decay have made inroads upon his bodily powers. It is our own fault, as it is also our most fearful calamity, if we suffer our hearts to grow old; and the secret of keeping them ever young is one and the same with that which keeps the life unsullied and the conscience pure.

Then there is the bitter loss of friends and kindred: he who grows old sees those he loves best drop around him, one by one, beneath "the grassy fringe of the open grave;" and he feels, as they are torn from him, that, because they are no more, he also is no more; that is, he is not the man he was; for, inasmuch as he lived in them, he was a part of them, and they of him; and, as, one follows another into the silent land, he feels himself in a manner disintegrated, his whole being broken up, and that without the power, perhaps also without the will, to reconstruct itself. It may be, too—indeed, it is often recurring—that a man finds the ambition—let me say the noble ambition—of a life brought to a successful consummation just at the crisis when all who would have gloried in his success and shared his triumph have made their final exit from the stage. We desire prosperity chiefly in order that those who love us and who encouraged us in the strife may witness and participate in our reward; and, lo! when the stake is won there is not a single familiar voice to cry " Well done!"

But the vast mass of the men and women who grow old are not prosperous. Of the majority of them it may be said with truth they never knew what prosperity was; they fail altogether to win in playing the game of life; and to them old age means not merely the decay of the natural powers, but consequent helplessness and privation. How is it with the generality of working men, artisans, labourers, and small tradesmen who have families to rear? During their years of health and strength they are waging that "eternal war" against poverty, striving and struggling to maintain their offspring, and to pay their humble way honestly in the sight of all men. So long as they have health and strength they manage, to use their own expression, to rub on somehow or other, and, taking the rough with the smooth, to do tolerably well; but when health fails, everything fails—they fall helpless at once, and often the ruin that comes upon them is sudden and complete. This sad phase in the history of the workman is ever recurring. The strong, vigorous man who, up to fifty-five or sixty, has earned his full wage and lived in comparative comfort, is suddenly prostrated by a cold or chill, or by the exhaustion of overtime, and can no longer perform his fair stroke of work; and he is shifted into the background, either discharged as unserviceable, or allowed as a favour to make himself as useful in the workshop as he can at half a workman's wage. How often have I seen this melancholy sight; the sight of a veteran worker reduced after half a century of toil to live upon half-rations when his need was at the greatest! and how often have I marvelled in silent admiration of the patience and magnanimity of the sufferers! When I was a boy some one made me a present of a handsome

illustrated copy of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," then a new publication. I happened to open it the first time upon a picture of an aged man, who, with the marks of patient suffering in his face, was leaning over a stile, while he gazed longingly upon a little cottage overgrown with roses and woodbine, and embowered in trees. Under the picture was the line—

" Oh that for me some home like this would smile!"

That picture, together with the verses it illustrated, gave me the first sad ideas I ever entertained on the subject of combined age and poverty; and, though forty and odd years have elapsed since that day, I have never forgotten it, or the impression it produced. The feeling which then arose in my mind must, however, have always been a dominant feeling among benevolent and right-minded persons, and its action may be traced in all civilized countries and throughout all ages of the world. Among ourselves it is represented by benevolent institutions of various kinds—refuges and homes for the aged, poor colleges, superannuation charities, almshouses, etc., etc.; admirable institutions of their kind, but characterized in most cases by a fatal difficulty of access, which amounts to prohibition so far as the really destitute are concerned, and limits their advantages to the less unfortunate few who, being destitute of personal means, have yet well-to-do or influential friends glad to get them off their hands.

It is interesting to note how differently different people recognise and accept the fact that age is stealing upon them, and at what different periods of life they will draw the line which is to mark the beginning of the down-hill journey. Shakespeare called John of Gaunt "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," while he was yet short of fifty; but, to be sure, men did not live so long in Shakespeare's time as they do in ours. Sir Francis Head thought himself old over thirty years ago, when he set out for the Brunnens of Nassau to get himself sluiced, and parboiled, and mud-washed young again; in which object he succeeded so remarkably well that, lo! he is a lively writer at the present day. Our British law seems to place the advent of old age at three-score, since it has settled that men above sixty need not serve on juries, nor, if they are M.P.'s, on committees of the House of Commons. But there are thousands of men who laugh at the idea of being old at sixty, and who will declare that the period of the grand climacteric is the very prime of life. I once knew a musical aspirant who at the age of sixty-six began to take elementary lessons in the art of playing the fiddle, who would confess to no stiffness of the finger-joints at that ripe age, and who actually learned to demi-semi-quaver it in tolerable style in the course of twelve months. The other day I met in my walks a reverend gentleman of the muscular school, who, numbering eighty-two years, was mounted on a thorough-bred, and cantering across country in the face of driving gusts of wind and rain, according to his use and wont; he always bracing himself up by a brisk ride on Saturday for the duties of the desk and pulpit on Sunday. A personal friend, a most industrious *littérateur*, when verging on four-score began a huge literary undertaking, which some men would regard as the work of a life, and, after completing it in his eighty-third year, was ready for another engagement. These are the sort of men who never grow old, who have some inherent quality in the constitution of mind or body, or both, which thrusts infirmity aside. Such a man was Teniers, who painted better than ever after he was eighty; and such a man was Titian, who worked almost up to ninety; and there always are and have been such men to be found: we cannot class them with

ordinary mortals, but must regard them as abnormal specimens of the race. As a rule, men feel, on arriving at sixty-one or sixty-two, that their "way of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," and the images that fill their minds and give them most content are those of rest and retirement, and freedom from the cares of the world. "At sixty," says one who wrote from experience, "the ties of busy and social life become loosened upon us: we are no longer climbing, competing, or struggling, or we can no longer do either with effect. The stronger and more enterprising are pressing forward themselves, and age finds itself compelled to leave to them what it has become unable any longer to pursue. Hence the constitution of our nature turns and weans the mind from the ambitions and excitements of worldly life, or makes disappointment the result of any pertinacious efforts to be the bustling actors and contenders that we may have been before. The very changes in our body prevent and disincite us from being any longer wrestlers or combatants in that arena which we are about to be withdrawn from. Our frame and functions have been expressly constructed so as to produce this effect upon us at this period of our earthly duration. These alterations disable the individual spirit from being or doing any longer what it was and did in its younger capacities. The internal changes increase as we advance to seventy years and beyond; and thereby the mind is brought into a state of vacancy, quiet, and serenity as to all the endangering, agitating, and occupying pursuits, passions, projects, conflicts, and perturbations of the present world, which, by their opposing effects, exclude the due consideration of any other. To all these old age brings its natural anodynes, the sedatives that act most efficaciously on the ethereal nature of its vivacious personality, and which gradually draw the spirit to that pausing tranquillity of thought and feeling, that suspension of all that would impede its better thoughts and further improvement, which peculiarly suits the grander objects that are now awaiting it, and to which nature is pressing it with an accelerated force and irresistible certainty." These are sage and well-considered words, which are worthy to be had in remembrance.

We not unfrequently see persons who, on the approach of age, set up a determined and desperate fight against it, asserting their maturity—not to say their youth—by every means they can command. I make no distinction between the sexes in this respect, having remarked that the quarrel with old Time is maintained as doggedly by one sex as the other. Both alike struggle against the advance of the destroyer, and are equally unscrupulous in their endeavours to cheat him. They pad themselves; they dye their hair; they buy juvenile-looking wigs, or brutes, or fronts, or drooping ringlets, or fierce moustaches, or bushy whiskers; they paint, and powder, and lay on cosmetics; nay, some of them will enamel their skin, and even adopt false features: and they thus succeed, or think they succeed, in pushing off some score of years or so from their apparent age. Others, as if in derision of this class, are altogether as careless: they yield without the slightest protest or struggle to oncoming Time, and passively let him "claw them in his clutch, and ship them into his land," without saying "By your leave." They are seen to slouch and stoop under the burden of years the moment they feel it; they parade their grey or grizzled hair; they will not supplement a tooth that falls out, though the dentist lives but over the way: they will do nothing, in short, to cloak or screen the ravages of age, but rather glory in revealing them. A writer whose gentle humour has often

amused me, and who has said some charming things "concerning" this very subject of growing old, is angry with the class first above described: he would like to see them ruthlessly shorn of their paddings and trimmings and falsifications of all kinds, and would have them tumble to pieces in his presence, and reap the shame which he conceives they deserve. I don't know what to say to this, but I more than suspect that, if the very mishap he would call down upon them were to happen in his presence to any sophisticated septuagarian, he would be the first to run and pick up the pieces and help to put them together again, and see them all into the nearest cab and on the way home. There are worse mistakes tolerated in society than the silly artifices by which the old endeavour to perpetuate the form and comeliness of their youth.

If some venerable thinker, full of years and observation, would write a little manual on the art of growing old, he or she might perform an acceptable service. I fear it is a fact that most of us know little or nothing about it; so that when age comes upon us we are constantly making discoveries for ourselves which are the reverse of agreeable, instead of utilizing and profiting from the discoveries made by others. Old people have the best right to speak on this subject, and the author of the proposed manual should look up their testimony, and get as much of it as possible. I shall give here a sample from Lord Brougham, addressed to aged persons after he had himself passed the age of four-score. He is telling them in a practical way how to secure repose. "I strongly recommend you," he says, "to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are much relieved and rested if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavouring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation: if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man walking and the horse which he rides; a different set of muscles is called into operation. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your mind to other objects of wholesome food to yourselves, as well as of good to others, and, depend upon it, that is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves: do everything in moderation." His lordship had doubtless often proved the value of the expedient he here recommends. Another sample I will quote from memory from one of the last sermons preached by the late William Jay to a congregation some of whom had hung upon his words for nearly fifty years. "We have grown old together," he said; "we are living epistles which men have been reading for a very long time; and our lives have been written by ourselves over a very large sheet; but, large as it is, we have filled page after page, and are now drawing near to the bottom of the last remaining one. What do we do when we write letters, farewell letters, to those we love, and the paper falls short? Why, we write closer, and condense our forms of expression, so as to get more matter into the sheet; and we write faster as post-time draws near, lest the hour be past ere we have finished. That is what we should do—what we must do—with the epistle of our life. We have no time to waste now, no space to spare for trifling matters, for vain words, for gossip and dawdling: be it ours to crowd into the close of our lives as much of work, of the work which is worship, as God will grant us grace and strength to accomplish." I am reminded, while recalling and recording these words of Mr. Jay, of a far different, yet most apposite passage which struck me lately when reading Bushnell's "New Life:" it is profoundly to the purpose, and points to a

contrast in mental character which we have all witnessed at some time or other, and which age brings into more startling and suggestive prominence than any other period of life. "The most beautiful natural character, in man or woman, changes, how certainly, its type when growing old in worldliness and neglect of religion. The grace perishes, the beautiful feeling dies away, the angles grow hard, the sociality grows cold and formal, the temper irritable and peevish, and the look wears a kind of half-expression, as if something once in it were gone out for ever. It should be so; and so, in awful deed, it is; for a whole side of the nature, most noble and in closest affinity with God, has been taken away. On the other hand, it will be seen that a thoroughly religious old person holds the proportions of life, and even grows more mellow and attractive as life advances. Indeed, the most beautiful sight on earth is an aged saint of God, growing cheerful in faith as his life advances, becoming mellowed in his love, and more and more visibly pervaded and brightened by the clear light of religion."

At the risk of being thought trite, I must say something of the uses and advantages of age, both as regards the community in general, and the individual who is privileged with the blessing of a long life. As regards general society, it has plainly been the plan of the Creator that society should always consist of the old, the middle-aged, and the young, in certain and not very varying proportions to each other. To the aged appears to have been appointed the task of guiding and directing, and in various ways influencing the activities of the young and the mature, who, on their part, are generally aware of the value of that store of knowledge, the fruit of observation, experience, and ripened judgment, which age usually brings along with it. We see the result of the tacit assumption that age is wise, and we see the estimation in which such wisdom is held in numberless instances ever obvious and patent to view. Our bishops, our judges, our cabinet ministers, our leading statesmen, are for the most part old men; we naturally associate age with sagacity, with solid reasoning, with calm, dispassionate argument, and with disinterested action; and it is to the old, rather than to others, that we resort for counsel when counsel is needed. Of these natural counsellors of the community there must be in England and Wales at the present time, reckoning the whole population at no more than twenty millions, no less than a million and a half; such being the number of persons of both sexes who have attained the sixtieth year of life. What must be their moral effect upon the younger aggregate of the entire people it is, of course, impossible to say; but it is also impossible to escape the conviction that this effect was designed to be both powerful and beneficial, and that for the most part it is so; and that the Creator, in his controlling wisdom and beneficence, so governs the march of life and death as to secure at all times a continued supply of the aged and departing to act as guides and mentors—it may be by warning as well as by example—to the young and inexperienced.

As regards the advantage of old age to the individual, more might be said than I have either space or inclination to set down; but it would not be desirable to insist too much upon the personal benefit separately from the general, inasmuch as they can hardly coexist separately. He who is privileged to lead a long and protracted life undoubtedly receives a great blessing; indeed, if he use it aright, the greatest earthly blessing he could receive or desire; for he receives the fulfilment of one of the earliest promises made by God to his human creatures.

But, in the grateful reception and right use of the gift, he benefits others as much as himself: if they see him employed in doing good, or suffering the pains and infirmities that accompany declining years with a patient and cheery spirit; if they remark in him a growing and glad expectation of the better country to which he is going, and see that that in which he is lingering wanes in his estimation—the feelings of reverence and veneration will arise towards him in their hearts; and they cannot give room to such feelings without being benefited themselves. And, apart from any benefits of this kind, it is a fact that old age, even when attended with its usual infirmities, may be made, and frequently is made, one of the happiest, if not the happiest, of all the periods of life. We can see that it is usually so with old people who, possessing competence the fruit of their own industry, a truly religious spirit, and an average degree of health, are able to devote the remainder of their time to the amelioration of the lot of others, to the improvement of their own intellectual faculties, and to the preparation for and anticipation of that future abode of peaceful enjoyment of which their prolonged days upon earth are an earnest and a foretaste. To all the consuming cares and agitating excitements of life they have bidden a lasting and final adieu: they have no worldly ambitions, no quarrels and resentments, no disturbing elements to ruffle the temper or arouse the passions; the vicissitudes of politics, the changes of society, the course and mutations of public affairs and events, affect them less and less, and the more they become alienated from them the more completely they live in a world of their own, and enjoy the tranquil happiness which is peculiar to their condition. Some persons hardly begin to live at all, in the true sense of the word, until advancing age has shifted them aside and away from the tumultuous highways of the world. A man of seventy-five once said to his friend, "I have lived more, and I seem to have lived longer, during the last twelve years, since I left off business, than during the fifty years that preceded them. I could tell the story of those business years, passed in the shop, warehouse, or counting-house, in a few words, and yet they would comprise the whole history of my youth and manhood; while I could not narrate the story of the years that followed them without occupying whole days in the narration: the former period is a void in my imagination compared with the latter, which is full of interest." Such experience, I will venture to assert, is not at all uncommon; for routine is the sepulchre of the mind and memory.

I have one remark to add in conclusion. Seeing that old age has been granted to the privileged few for definite purposes—the improvement of itself, to wit, and imparting a beneficial influence to others—it is evident that it ought to afford no pretext for lazy self-indulgence and inaction. If it be true, as has been shown, that no community could prosper without the services and influence of the aged, the aged are bound to perform their needed service and exercise their guiding influence so long as they have the capacity for so doing, "or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken."

A CHINESE GIANT.

BY R. T. BUCKLAND, ESQ.

CHANG, THE TALL MAN OF FYCHOW.

ONE day this autumn, when starting on an oyster expedition, I read in one of the daily papers an advertisement to the following effect:—

"Peto, the giant of Fyehow. His height is stupendous, his strength Herculean, and his weight four tons. To be seen at _____, admission free."

My friend Mr. Bartlett, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, happened to be with me in the train, and, upon my pointing the advertisement out to him, he said, "Oh, I know all about that; it is a capital sell. I know the giant's name very well. I saw him at Paris a few days since. He is a four-footed giant, with a precious long nose; in fact, he is a huge Elephant that the authorities at the Jardin des Plantes wanted to get rid of. If you recollect, they have been advertising for many weeks past the expected arrival of the Chinese giant, and this is simply a capital idea to forestall the giant market." Of course I immediately went to see Peto, but of him at another time. A few days after reading about the giant elephant, however, when walking down Piccadilly, I saw a Chinese approaching in the distance. Here, then, said I to myself, comes the real Chinese giant at last. As the man came nearer, I saw he was neither a Chinese nor a giant, but, on the contrary, a miserable-looking "sandwich-board" man, dressed in Chinese costume, and about as unlike a Chinese in appearance and physiognomy as any one I ever set eyes on. Instead of being of the "pudding" pattern, with almond-shaped eyes, his face was decidedly hatchet-shaped, his nose, instead of being of the pure Celestial snub type, decidedly Roman; and his hair, instead of being jet black and as straight as pomade could make it, was a brilliant red, and curled round the edge of his Chinese hat like the hair of a French poodle-dog. The advertisement, however, which this would-be Celestial placed in my hand, told me that Chang, the tall man of Fyehow, was to be seen that evening at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, at eight o'clock. They say that a "watched kettle never boils;" and I thought that afternoon a very long one, in my curiosity to pay a visit to the long-expected Chinese giant.

I was naturally among the earliest visitors to the illustrious stranger, and I advise all readers of this to follow my example, so as to get as near as possible to the huge creature. On entering the room one is immediately, as it were, transferred to a private house in China. Chang is seen at the end of the room, sitting like a stone joss upon a kind of throne, to which one ascends by a flight of carpet-covered steps. He is dressed in the most lovely white satin garments, highly ornamented with beautiful devices wrought in needle-work. At his right hand, on a sort of minor throne, is seated his wife, and at his feet is seated the dwarf, also from China. The steps to the throne are guarded on each side by two Chinamen in their native costume—pig-tails included. The whole party, both ladies and gentlemen, carry fans in their hands, and these they use incessantly, with a grace and elegance that I strongly advise any young lady given to flirting immediately to practise and adopt. In a few minutes Chang rose majestically from his throne, and, advancing to the front, still fanning himself, bowed right, left, and in front to the audience, with an ease and elegance that would send an ordinary dancing-master out of his mind. It was neither a lady's courtesy, nor yet the formal bow which we are sometimes obliged to make when habited in that odious garment the evening swallow-tail coat, but a mixture of both a bow and a courtesy, manly, without conceit, yet reverential and respectful to the audience. The giant immediately began a short and doubtless eloquent speech in Chinese, bowing and fanning himself during its delivery, and when he had finished his oration, one of the guardians of the

stairs went to a table and read a translation of it, that we, the spectators, might know what we had been listening to.

The poor Chinaman was very nervous, as it was evidently the first speech he had made in a foreign tongue, and to a crowded audience; but I learnt from Chang's printed autobiography that the speech was to the following effect—

"Rulers and people of the Western Countries,

"My name is Chang; I am nineteen summers old; I am a native of Fychow, a city in the Au-hwy province of the celestial Chinese empire. The Changs, as far back as the voice of the past speaks to me, have all been great (tall) men. My father, Chang Tzing, a scholar and disciple of Confucius; my grandfather, a sage, and famous for his wisdom; my great grandfather, Chang, the man of war, of whose great deeds our poets love to sing, all were great men, of whom I am the least, the poor and humble representative. My elder brother, Chang Sou Gow, is a soldier in the Imperial army, at Foo-Chow-Foo. He is in height six inches under me; but in width and strength and massiveness, I cannot compare with him. He weighs four hundred pounds; he is known as 'the strong man of the East,' the terror of the Tartar, before the wind of whose hand the rebel flies. Already the Footow of Foo-Chow-Foo has conferred upon him the honorary title of 'Cheen Chung,' leader in battle of one thousand men, and wearer of the mandarin's blue button. He is the favourite of our supreme head, the Heaven-conferred one, whose youth lives as the bamboo, green ten thousand years—OUR EMPEROR.

"I have one sister living, Chen Yow Izn; she is wed and well; she is only six feet high.

"My mother lives (she who claims my first duties, with my prince; for who can serve his ruler who has been negligent in his duty to his parents?). She is of ordinary size; and thus her family stands: Chang Sou Gow the Brave, myself the Tall, and Metzoo my sister, the Domestic Jewel.

"As a boy, I resembled the young bamboo-tree, shooting up tall and slim. At the age of nine years I went to school, and since the age of twelve the classic aphorisms of the founders of our literature, Confucius and Mencius, have been the guide of my life; from them I have learned that 'the more talents are put in force, the more they will be developed,' and 'if something be not added to our knowledge every time a book is opened, we read in vain: that to strive is man's part, but to accomplish is Heaven's.'

"Two years ago the good Chang Tzing, my father, died. He had reached his sixty-fifth year, when Joss (the Divine Being) called him to be numbered with his forefathers."

The speech ended, Chang bowed again to the audience, and then majestically descended from the steps of his throne, caught up the little dwarf in his arms as he passed down the steps, and marched with him up and down the room, carrying him on his arm like a baby. Giants, I know from experience, are very unwilling to have their proper measurement taken by visitors, but I had taken the precaution of ascertaining this pretty accurately. I ascertained, before going, how high I could stretch my hat over my head, and a friend was provided with a piece of red tape, which he measured out as seven feet. As Chang passed us, my friend stood up in a chair, held up his tape, and I held up my hat, as near as we could to the level of the giant's head. On comparing notes we made out afterwards that Chang's real height was *about* seven feet three or four inches. He, however, appeared of much greater stature; the

thick Chinese clump shoes which he wears give him another inch or inch and a half, and his mandarin cap also adds greatly to his stature. His pig-tail is a magnificent specimen of its kind, and hangs from its owner's back like the pennants from a yacht's topmast. I expected every minute to see the little dwarf catch hold of it and swing himself up on the moving mountain, as a sailor swings himself on board ship by a dangling rope.

In vain do we look in Chang's printed autobiography for his height in feet and inches; all we learn is that "he is in height the nearest to the heavens of all other men." I fear Chang is wrong, for my friend Mr. Brice, the French giant, whom I saw lately at Sheffield, is some three or four inches higher; he has grown considerably since he was in London two years since.

Chang's physiognomy is decidedly pleasing, and he seems a most intelligent young man.

The dwarf rejoices in the name of Chung Mow: he is an active little fellow, and puts one in mind of the pictures of Humpty Dumpty one sees represented in children's story books as "sitting on a wall." Chung Mow is always laughing, and his great delight seems to be to bend his right hand backwards, so that the back of the hand touches the wrist. This seems to be his sole performance.

The ladies would probably like to know what Mrs. Chang is like. Well, in my humble opinion, she is decidedly good-looking, and, I will be bound to say, kind-hearted and good-natured. Her hair is brushed well back off the forehead, and she has, I observe, the good sense not to adopt the *chignon* fashion, a fashion which I am glad to see has not reached China yet. Her name is "King Foo," or the Honest Lily. She wears, as may be anticipated, *no* crinoline; but, nevertheless, her dress is so well put on that it looks graceful. (English ladies, take a hint!) She is an aristocrat, I believe, in her own country, for she has the tiny little feet we have heard and read so much of as being the mark of aristocratic ladies in China. Anxious to see the feet aforesaid, I stretched a point, and was rude enough to ask Madame Chang Fow to be good enough to show me her feet. This she did with great good grace and willingness to oblige. I measured my lady's shoe, and found it was just the length of an ordinary fore-finger. I am the greatest admirer of a lady's *chaussure*, particularly if the foot be small and well shaped; but I really think "the honest lily's" feet a trifle too small, even for my taste.

The giant's wife is attended by a lady's-maid whose name is Ah Ying. I cannot say much for the beauty of the poor maid. Her features denote honesty and good-nature itself, but her face is more like a comical mask than that of any ordinary lady's-maid. The giant's two attendants are respectively called Woo-Kwan-Toon, and Ling Ah Look.

They are highly intelligent, clever-looking young men, and speak English pretty fluently; altogether Chang, with his wife and suite, is well worthy of a visit, and I advise all my friends to go and see them if they are still within reach.

Soon after the arrival of Chang and his party I received a letter from Mr. Brice, the French giant, who was then at Merthyr, in Wales. (See my description, "Leisure Hour," No. 559.) The poor French giant was in a terrible state of mind about the arrival of his gigantic Chinese rival, and he wanted to know all about him, and if it was really true that the Chinaman weighed *four tons*! Brice had evidently got into a confusion between "Peto" the giant elephant, and Chang the giant man.

Varieties.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.—There are two opposite dangers of which believers must beware in regard to the teaching of science. The first is, the incurious adoption of such theories as may seem to coincide with Holy Scripture; and the second is, a fear lest any legitimate results at which science may arrive should be adverse. We must beware of binding sacred things to any theory of physical science, and insisting on our interpretation as being true; we must beware, also, of the fate of those who condemned Copernicus. In his case theologians stood corrected for insisting on wrong statements; but the right interpretation of God's word would never be found to contradict the right interpretation of the facts of physical science.—*Rev. Dr. Pusey at Norwich Church Congress.*

UNDER-FEEDING OF CHILDREN.—Children are almost universally under-fed, and the majority of the diseases of children arise from the debility of constitution induced by this habit of under-feeding. The diet of children of all ages should be a substantial breakfast, with animal food in some shape: a substantial dinner of meat, vegetables, and cereal pudding; and a substantial supper, also consisting, in part, of animal food. The drink may be milk, tea, cocoa, and possibly beer. I would call this the diet of health; a diet capable of making a strong body and also a strong mind; and a diet capable of preventing disease. Compare it for an instant with the milk-and-water and bread-and-butter diet of some establishments; the meagre dinner of meat, and the miserable grouting of rice and amylaceous pulp. Three good meals are necessary for health. There must be no putting off of the stomach with bread-and-butter and slop as the effigies of two of the three meals of the day; but a generous intermingling of all the elements that constitute a sound and nutritious diet. It is notorious that the importance of a substantial regimen is not sufficiently recognised in scholastic establishments; and the consequence to the pupils is debility and disease, a constant appeal to the doctor for tonics *vice* food, a frequent outbreak of ringworm, and, worse than all, the development of scrofulous tubercle, and the laying of a foundation for future organic disease and morbid life, or premature death.—*Dr. Erasmus Wilson.*

SANSKRIT IN ITS RELATION TO OTHER LANGUAGES.—Sanskrit is not the mother of Greek and Latin, as Latin is of French and Italian. Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin are sisters, varieties of one and the same type. They all point to some earlier stage, when they were less different from each other than they now are; but no more. All we can say in favour of Sanskrit is that it is the eldest sister; that it has retained many words and forms less changed and corrupted than Greek and Latin. The more primitive character and transparent structure of Sanskrit have naturally endeared it to the student of language, but they have not blinded him to the fact that, on many points, Greek and Latin—nay, Gothic and Celtic—have preserved primitive features which Sanskrit has lost. Greek is co-ordinate with, not subordinate to, Sanskrit; and the only distinction which Sanskrit is entitled to claim is that which Austria used to claim in the German Confederation—to be the first among equals, *primus inter pares*.

LAKE PHIALA.—The lake occupies the bowl of apparently an extinct crater, a mile across. It has no outlet nor inlet, and is not deep. The water, which is stagnant and impure, looks and feels slimy. As we saw the lake, late in May 1852, it was muddy for a few feet just at the margin, and did not seem to be clear and pure in any part. At a short distance from the shore was a broad belt of water-plants, already turned brown, and in some places resembling islands. The middle of the lake was free. Wild ducks were swimming in different parts. A large hawk was sailing above them, and occasionally swooping down to the surface of the water, as if to seize a duck or a frog. Myriads and myriads of frogs lined the shores; and it was amusing to see them perched thickly along the stones, as if drawn up in battle array to keep off intruders. It is the very paradise of frogs. The lake supplies the whole country with leeches; here, too, they are gathered by men wading in and letting the leeches fasten themselves upon their legs. The ground along the margin is mostly without reeds or rushes, and is covered with small black volcanic stones. The shores and sides of the crater exhibit everywhere small, glistening, black crystals, resembling hornblende.—*Dr. Robinson's "Physical Geography of the Holy Land."*